

POLICE

W

COMICS

54-71
GOLDEN AGE

NOVEMBER No.60

1946

PLASTIC MAN

S

MEETS

The Man Who Built
Himself A Body!



STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF
COMANDO-TOUGH
inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British
forces knocking fast and hard slap-happy with their swift,
powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick
time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms.
And inches to your chest! Graduated activity it will make
you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a
power pack.
My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a
panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give
me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director
Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which
I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned
to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any
other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven
its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world.
And I stand ready to show you on a money bag basis—that no
matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you
right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring
to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully
satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED
METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course
"Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength
that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PARBAMONT, Jowett-trained
athlete who was named America's
first prize-winner for Physical
Perfection.



REX FERRIS, Champion
Strength Athlete of South Africa.
Says he, "I owe everything to
Jowett's method." Look at this
chest—then consider the value of
the Jowett Courses!

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of
weaklings to muscular power. Packed with
photos of miracle men of might and muscle
who started perhaps weaker than you are.
Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in
strength that inspired his pupils to follow
him. They'll show you the best way to
might and muscle. Send for this FREE
gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS
STRONG MEN.



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW IN BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-
building courses, are available in book
form to all readers of this publication
at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5
for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your
family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically
fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by
following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-
building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books
for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for
25c. If you're not delighted with these famous
muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL
results within ONE WEEK, send them back and
your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you!
And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT
COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of
the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles
of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-411 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. Q-411 New York 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett: Your gratification looks good to me. Send
by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for
which I enclose \$1. Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

☐ All 5 courses for \$1.00 ☐ Building Mighty Legs 25c
☐ Building a Mighty Arm 25c ☐ Building a Mighty Grip 25c
☐ Building a Mighty Back 25c ☐ Building a Mighty Chest 25c
☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage). No orders less
than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME.....Age.....
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS.....

PLASTIC MAN



PROFESSOR SPINDRIFT Built Himself A Body!

It was as strong as steel --for it **WAS** steel!

It was as soulless as a machine... for it **WAS** a machine!

It was designed for **MYSTERY**, **EVIL** and **MURDER!**

He planned to sweep everything from his path...

**BUT HE HAD FORGOTTEN
PLASTIC MAN!**

Rare indeed are the moments when Plastic Man and Wozy Winks relax....

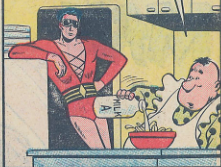
IT KINDA DEPRESSES ME -- WHAT YOU SAID, PLAS -- ABOUT EVERY CRIME HAVING AN EFFECT ON **EVERYONE!**

IT'S REALLY A GOOD THING, WOZZY! THE EFFECT ON INNOCENT PEOPLE MAY HELP EXPOSE THE CRIMINAL!

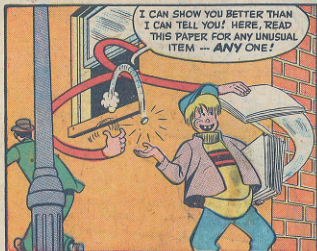


YOU NOTICE SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY --- TRACE IT TO ITS SOURCE, AND---

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, PLAS!



I CAN SHOW YOU BETTER THAN I CAN TELL YOU! HERE, READ THIS PAPER FOR ANY UNUSUAL ITEM --- **ANY ONE!**



SAYS HERE THAT PROFESSOR SPINDRIFT, THE MECHANICAL GENIUS, HAS LEFT NICKELODEON COLLEGE FOR A **BETTER PAID POSITION!**

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN, MAYBE IT'S NOT THE BEST EXAMPLE --BUT LET'S VISIT PROFESSOR SPINDRIFT!



At the same time...

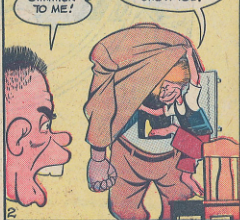
OKAY, SPINDRIFT. I'M PAYING YOU HEAVY DOUGH FOR WHAT YOU SAY YOU CAN DO ---

AND IT'S DONE, MR. GAROOGY! LOOK THERE!

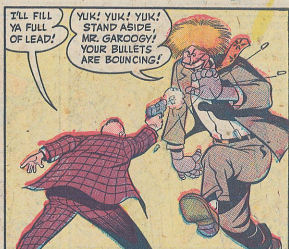
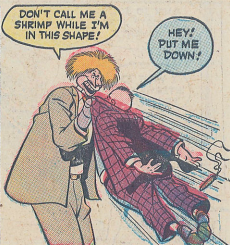
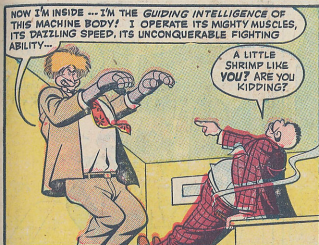


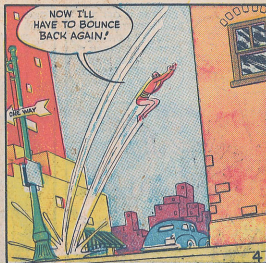
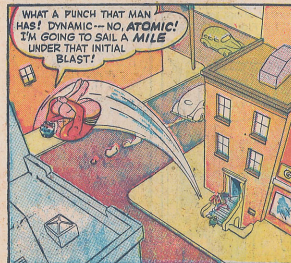
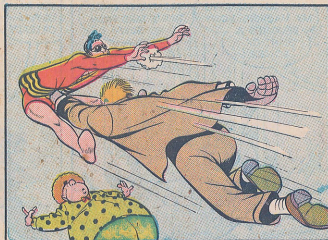
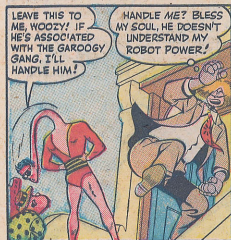
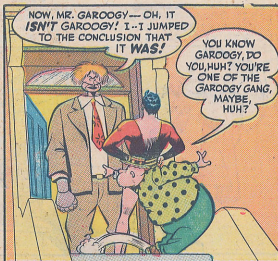
HUH -- LOOKS LIKE A GOOFY GIMMICK TO ME!

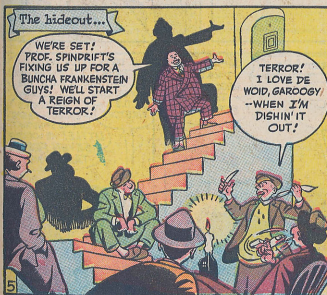
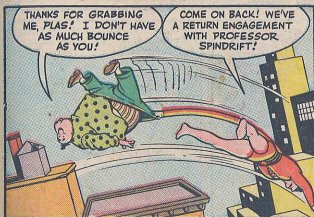
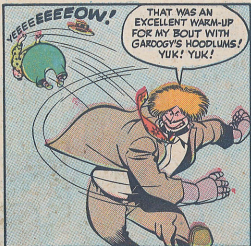
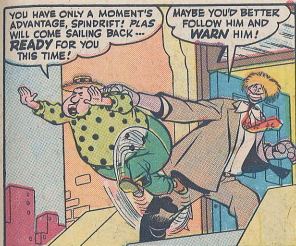
WAIT UNTIL I GET IT GOING! I'LL SHOW YOU!



POLICE COMICS







POLICE COMICS

I HAVE THE BRAIN, THE WILL, THE POWER! I WANT THE PROFITS TO ADVANCE MY ROBOT SCIENCE! DO AS I SAY AND WE'LL ALL BE RICH!

IS THIS A GAG? BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE GAGS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO IMPRESS MY PHILOSOPHY ON SUCH DOLTS! GAROOGY, DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?

HE'S MUSCLING IN, MEN! TAKE HIM!

IS A GUN YOUR ONLY ANSWER, GAROOGY? YOU LEARNED HOW USELESS IT WAS WHEN YOU USED IT ON ME AT MY LABORATORY!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

YOU, TOO, WILL HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!

AND WHAT A LESSON, PROFESSOR -- I MEAN **BOSS!** WHAT'S YOUR ORDERS?

FOLLOW ME! I MAY NEED YOU TO RUN ERRANDS, COUNT MONEY, APPLAUD WHEN I SUCCEED! LEAVE THE HARD WORK TO ME!

YESSIR, BOSS!

Meanwhile...

OOF!

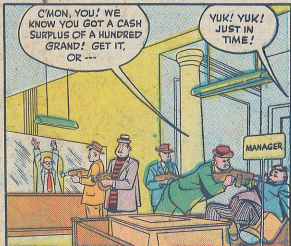
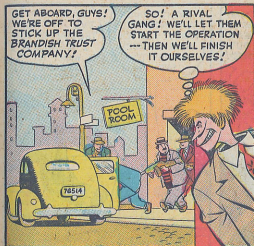
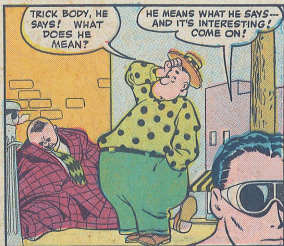
I KINDA RECOGNIZE THAT HANDWORK!

SWISHH!

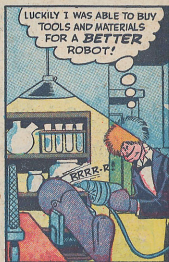
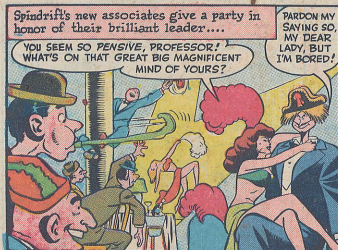
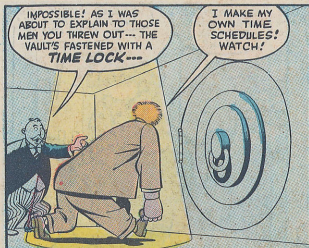
THE DIRTY LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSSER! I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL SAW HIM IN HALF, THE SAWED-OFF LITTLE WRETCH!

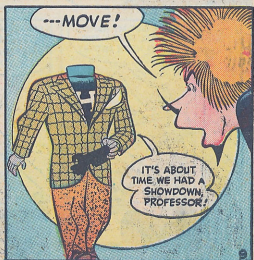
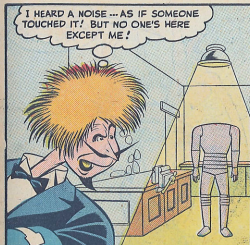
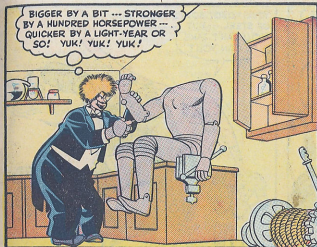
GAROOGY'S GROGGY--KEEPS CALLING SPINDRIFT **LITTLE!** HE LOOKED SEVEN FEET TALL TO ME!

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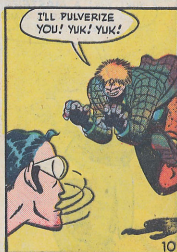
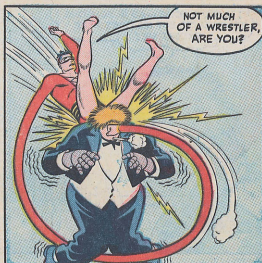
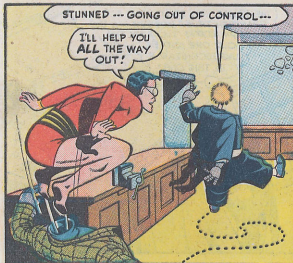
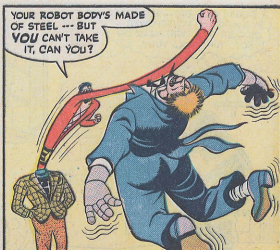


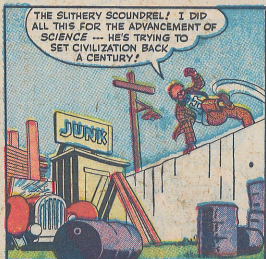
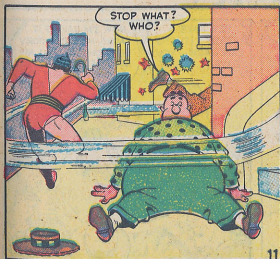
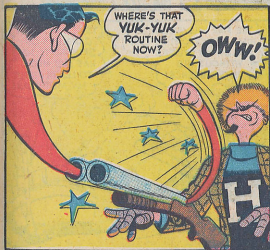
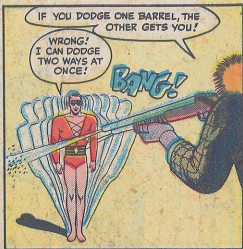
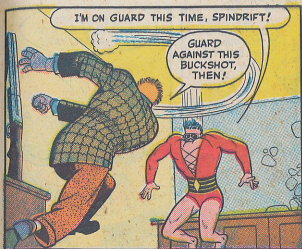
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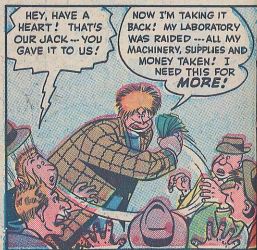
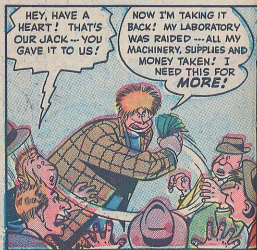
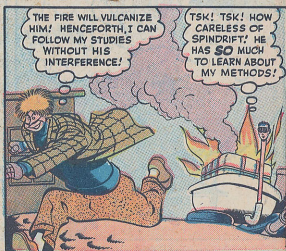
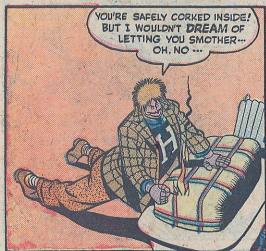
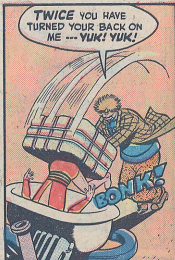


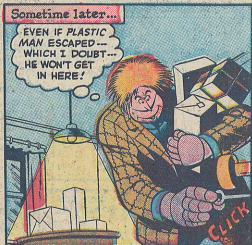
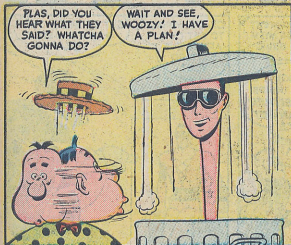
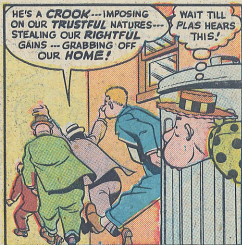
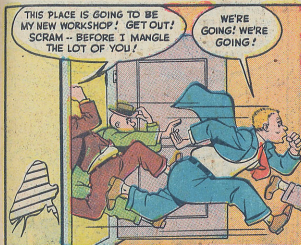


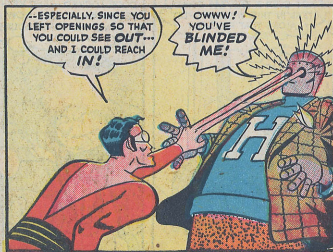
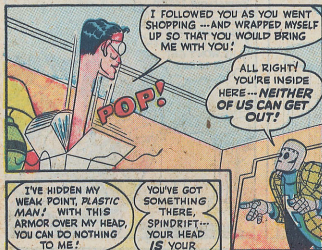
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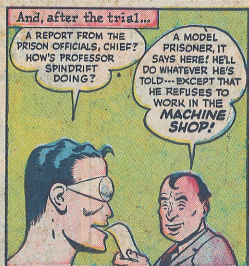
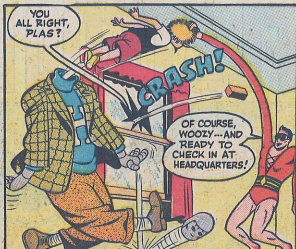




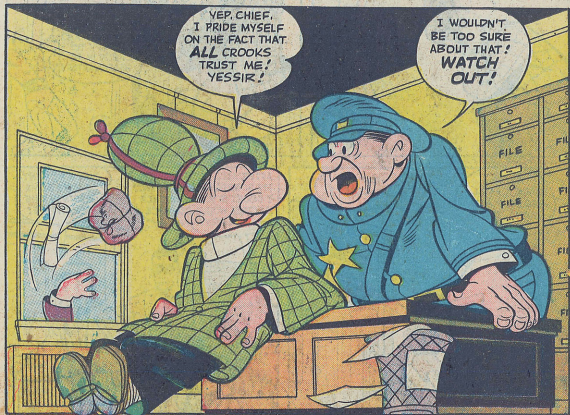








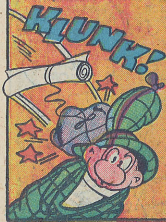
FLATFOOT BURNS



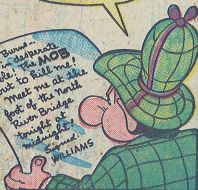
Time: 3 p.m. --
Flatfoot's office...

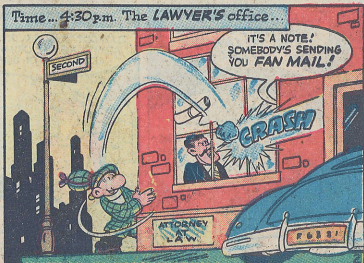
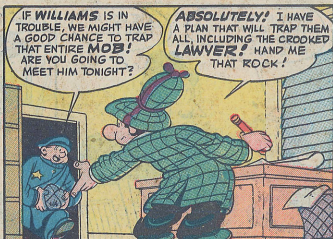
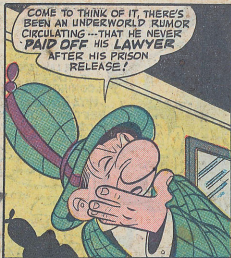
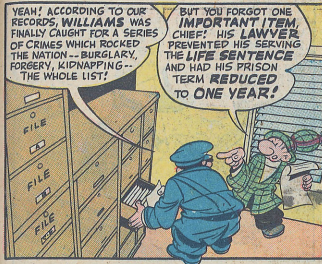
I-IT'S A N- NOTE,
FLATFOOT! SOMEBODY'S
SENDING YOU
FAN MAIL!

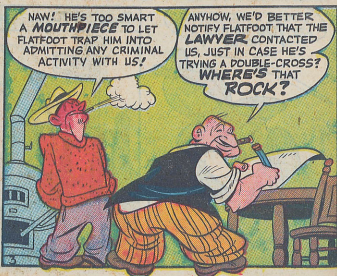
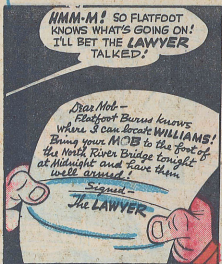
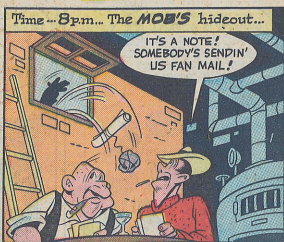
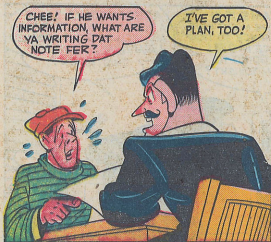
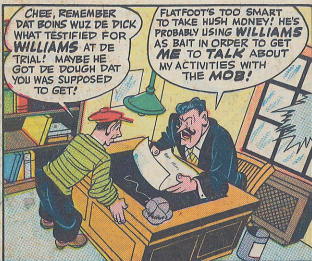
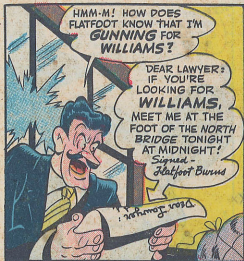
HMM-M! VERY PECULIAR!
WILLIAMS WAS THE **BIG**
TIME THIEF OF THE
LAST DECADE!



Dear Mr. Burns --
I'm in desperate
trouble. The **MOB**
is out to kill me!
Meet me at the North
Foot of the North
River Bridge
tonight at
midnight!
Signed
WILLIAMS







Time: 10 p.m. --- Flatfoot's office...

WATCH OUT, FLATFOOT! HERE IT COMES AGAIN!

>GULP<

HAH! MY PLAN IS WORKING! THE **LAWYER** GOT IN TOUCH WITH THE **MOB**! NOBODY TRUSTS ANYBODY!

GOSH, IT LOOKS LIKE THE CHAIN LETTER FAD IS BACK AGAIN! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

Dear Flatfoot --
This is a friendly tip from the **MOB**! Keep away from the foot of the North River Bridge tonight at midnight or else!
Signed ---
YOU KNOW WHO!

THIS ROCK HAS MADE THE ROUNDS! THEY **ALL KNOW ABOUT IT** AND WILL BE THERE -- SO WE'LL BE THERE **ONE HOUR EARLY!**>GULP<
THERE'LL SURE BE **FIRE-WORKS!**Meanwhile at the home of **WILLIAMS** ---

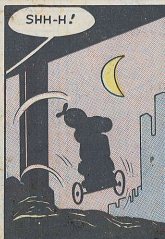
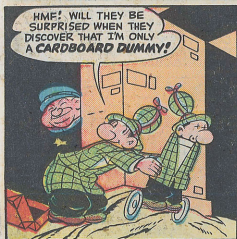
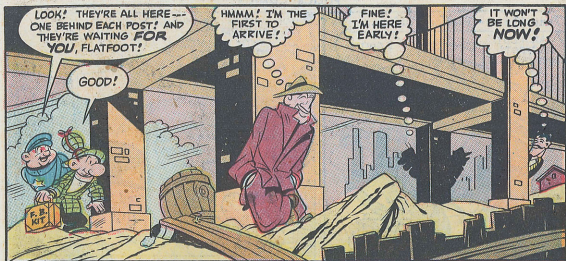
JUST IN CASE FLATFOOT TRIES ANY TRICKS, I'D BETTER GET TO THE BRIDGE A LITTLE EARLY!

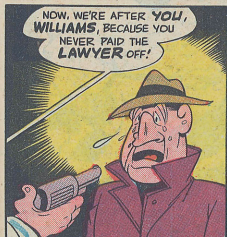
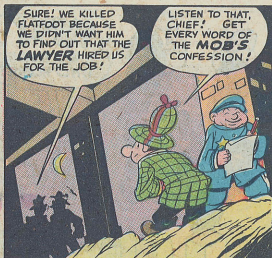
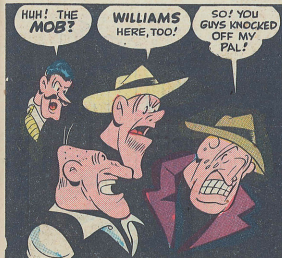
At the **LAWYER'S** ...I'LL BE AT THE BRIDGE AT **ELEVEN** INSTEAD OF **TWELVE!**

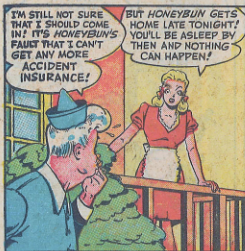
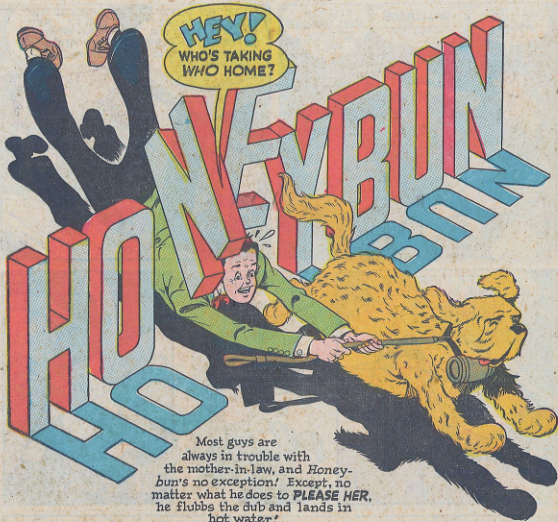
ATTORNEY AT LAW

and the **MOB'S** --GET MOVING, BOYS! WE WANT TO GET THERE A **LITTLE AHEAD OF TIME!** ...THERE MIGHT BE TROUBLE!Time: 11 p.m. -- At the **BRIDGE** ---SHHH-H, CHIEF! GET BEHIND THE POST! IT'S **DARK!**

POLICE COMICS



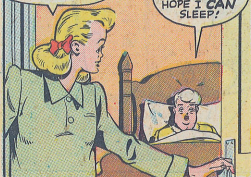




And after an evening of jitters...

YOU'LL HAVE A NICE, QUIET SLEEP TONIGHT AND FEEL ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT ABOUT HONEYBUN IN THE MORNING!

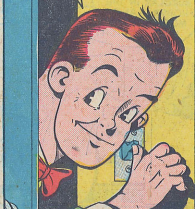
I'M SO JUMPY FROM EXPECTING SOMETHING TO HAPPEN -- I HOPE I CAN SLEEP!



but -- snoring does fill the house until...

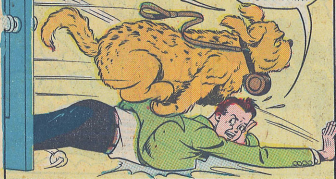


MIGGS HAS GONE TO BED! ALL CLEAR --- C'MON IN!



WOORRF!

QUIET! IF YOU WAKE UP MIGGS, SHE'LL TOSS YOU OUT ON YOUR REAR AND YOU'LL BE A LOST DOG AGAIN!



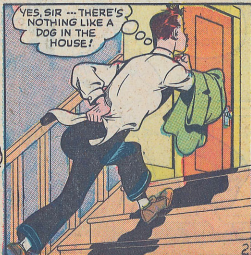
TAKE IT EASY... I'LL GET YOU SOME CHOW!



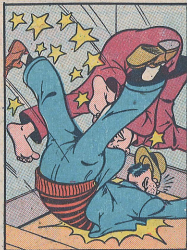
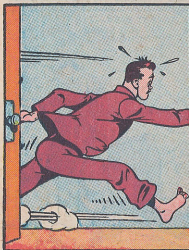
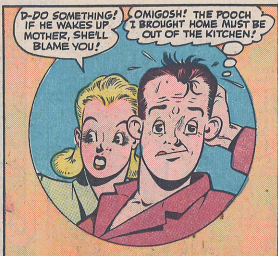
OKAY! OKAY! AFTER YOU FINISH THIS, GO TO SLEEP **HERE** IN THE KITCHEN!

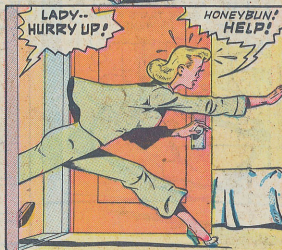
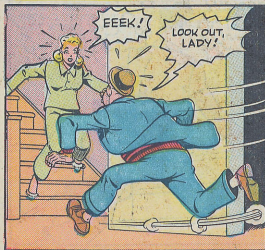
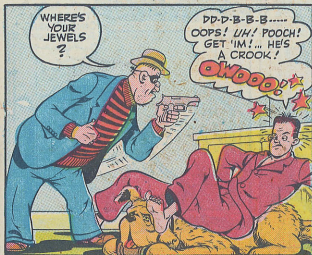


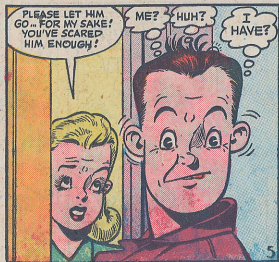
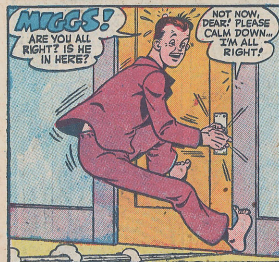
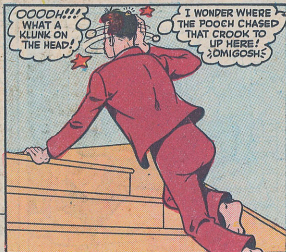
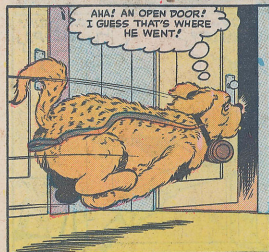
YES, SIR --- THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A DOG IN THE HOUSE!

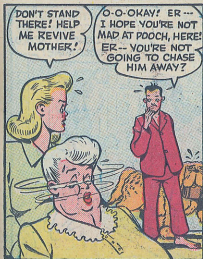
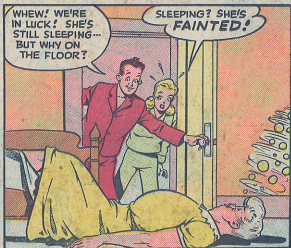
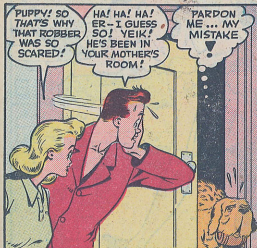
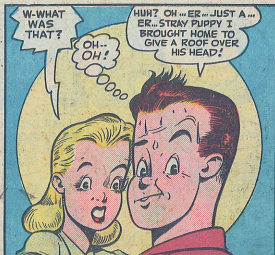
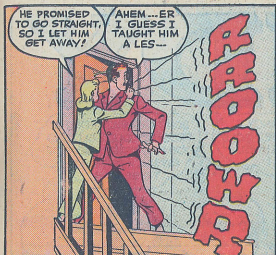


And more snoring fills the house...

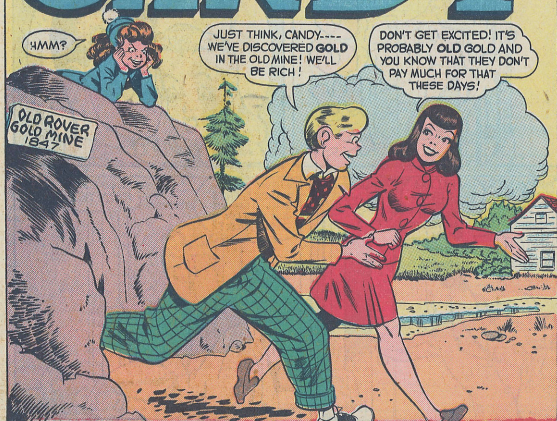


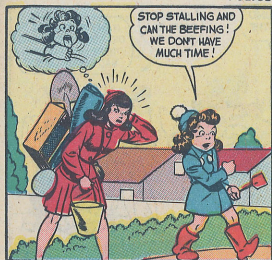






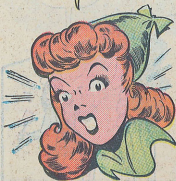
CANDY





POLICE COMICS

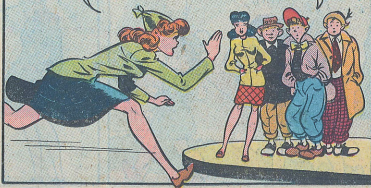
MINED PRECIOUS
ORE? GOLD MINE?
YIPES!



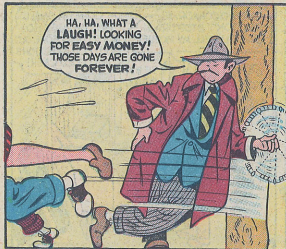
CANDY HAS FOUND
GOLD DOWN AT THE
OLD GOLD
MINE!

AW, BABS,
DON'T BE A
JOKER!

IT MAY BE TRUE! I
DID SEE HER DIGGING
THERE, AND SHE HAS
HAD DOUGH LATELY!



HA, HA, WHAT A
LAUGH! LOOKING
FOR EASY MONEY!
THOSE DAYS ARE GONE
FOREVER!



SORRY I CAN'T GO WITH YOU,
CANDY! DOC PINNEY IS GOING TO
FIX ME WITH A FALSE GRINDER!
DON'T PASS IT ON, OR I'LL BE
OPEN TO RIDING FROM
THE GANG!

DON'T FRET,
PET! WHAT'S IT
GOING TO BE
MADE OF?

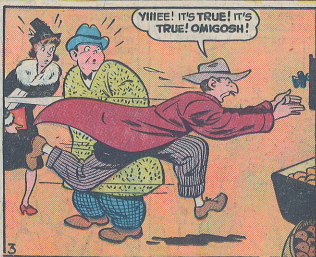


GOLD! DON'T SPILL A
WORD! YOU KNOW HOW
NEWS TRAVELS!

REET!
IT'LL BE OUR
SECRET!



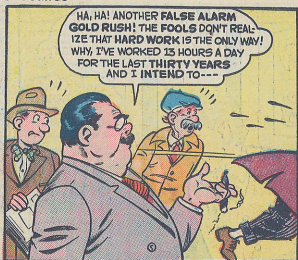
YIIEE! IT'S TRUE! IT'S
TRUE! OMIGOSH!



CHIPS, LISTEN! IT'S A GOLD RUSH! BRING A TRUCK, A SHOVEL, A BUCKET! DON'T TELL A SOUL!



HA, HA! ANOTHER FALSE ALARM GOLD RUSH! THE FOOLS DON'T REALIZE THAT HARD WORK IS THE ONLY WAY! WHY, I'VE WORKED 13 HOURS A DAY FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS AND I INTEND TO---



WHY, YOU LITTLE IMP! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?

GIVE IT BACK TO ME! I WANT TO GO TO THE GOLD MINE!

Gulp!



BUT, MR. PRIMWELL, THE PHONE! YOUR BIGGEST DEAL IS ABOUT TO COME THROUGH!

FORGET IT! THERE'S GOLD IN RED CREEK!

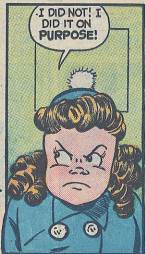
BUT, THERE ARE TWO MINES-- A MILE APART!



HELLO, JEWELRY STORE? ANGELINA ACCIDENTALLY PICKED UP THAT BAG OF GOLD I SOLD YOU!

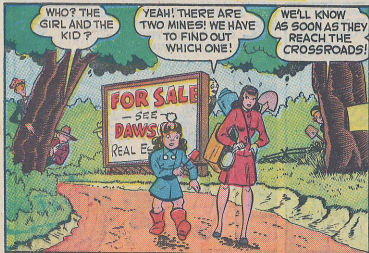
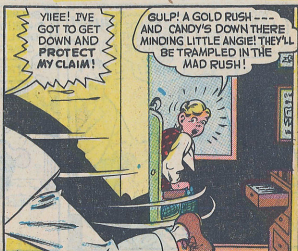
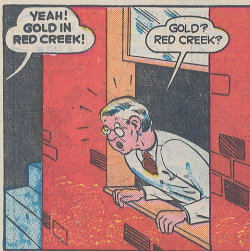
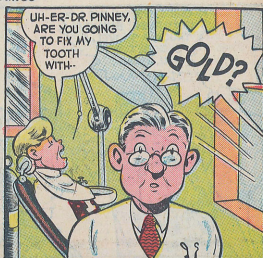
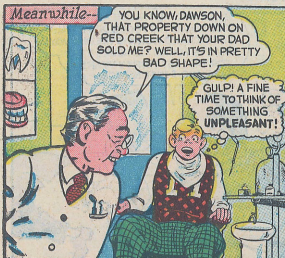


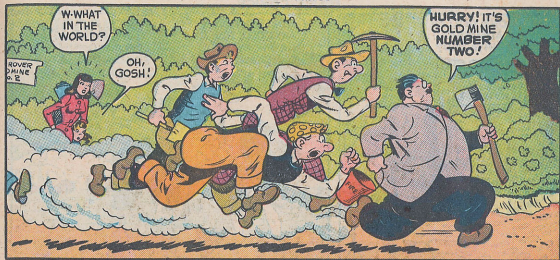
I DID NOT! I DID IT ON PURPOSE!

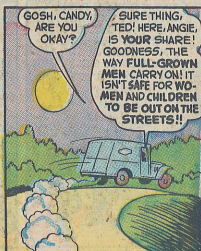
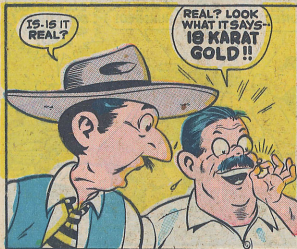
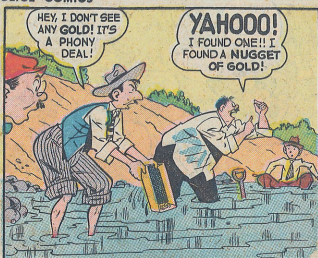


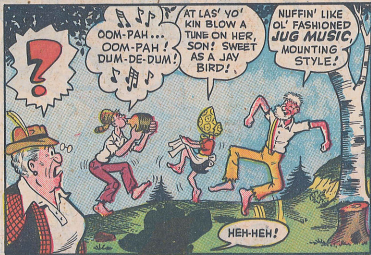
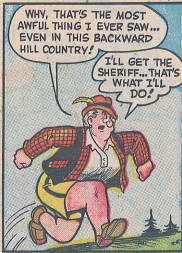
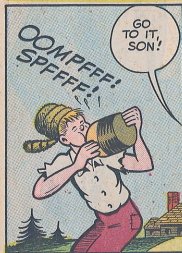
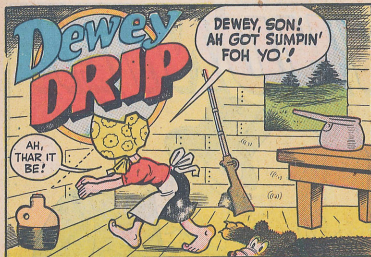
I SAID I'LL BRING YOU THE GOLD AS SOON AS I COME BACK FROM THE GOLD MINE!



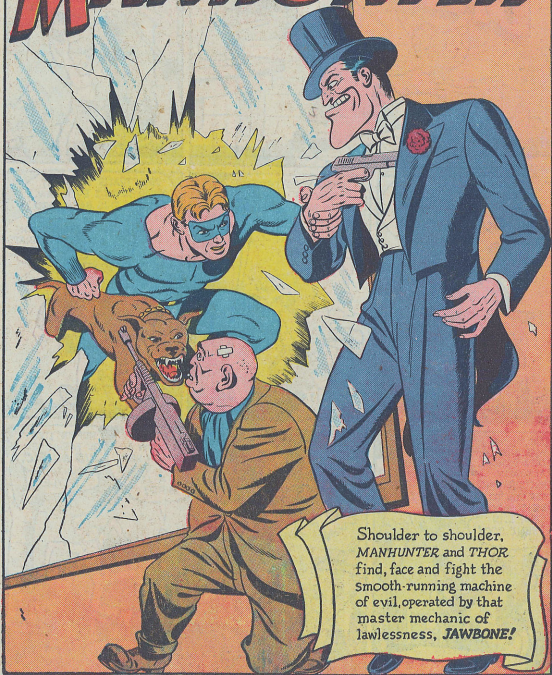








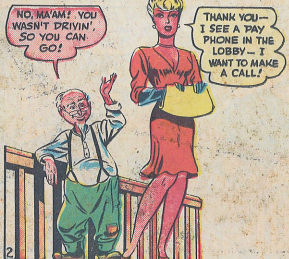
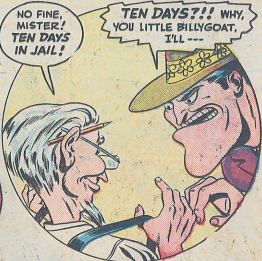
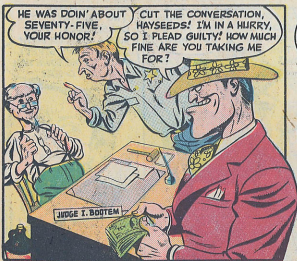
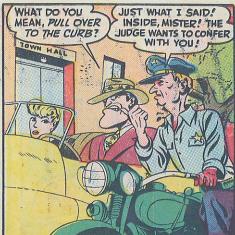
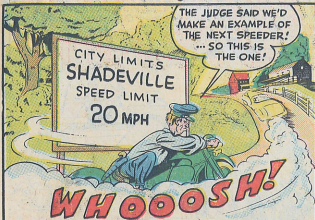
MANHUNTER



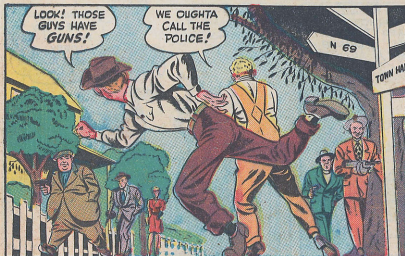
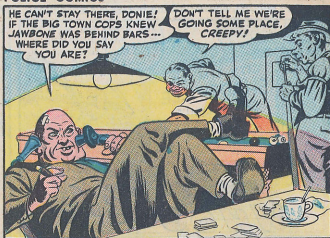
Shoulder to shoulder,
MANHUNTER and THOR
find, face and fight the
smooth-running machine
of evil, operated by that
master mechanic of
lawlessness, **JAWBONE!**

POLICE COMICS

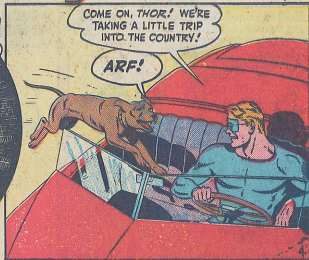
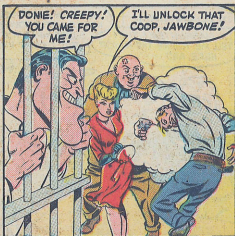
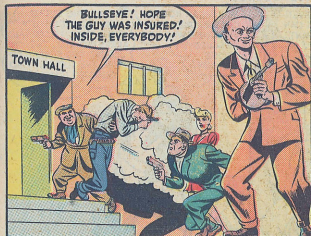
In a tiny suburb, where nothing buzzes but mosquitoes...

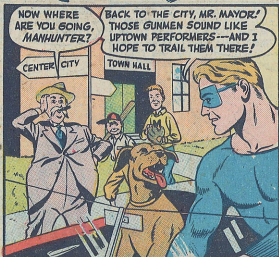
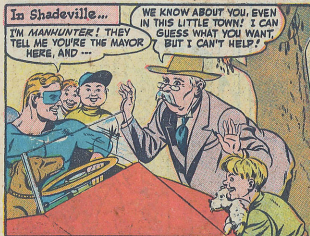


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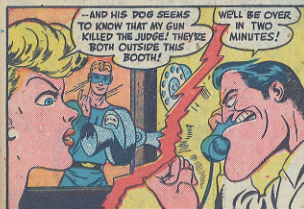
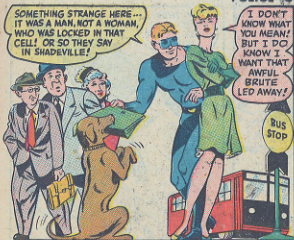


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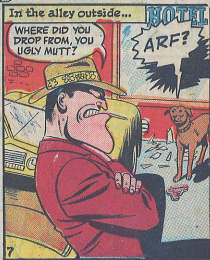
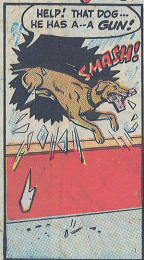
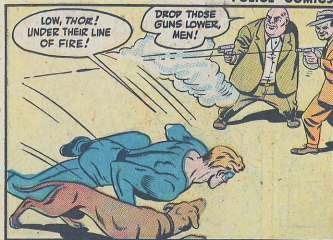


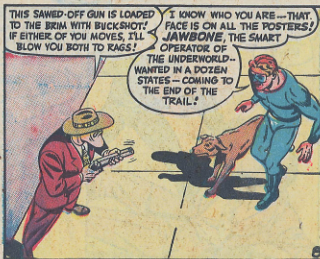
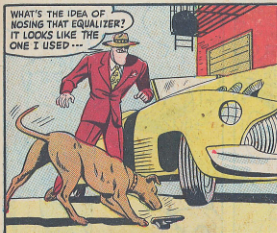


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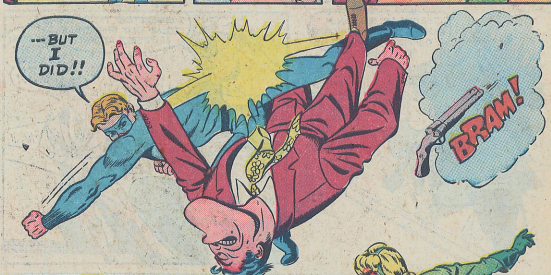


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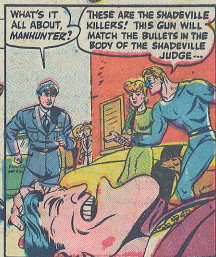
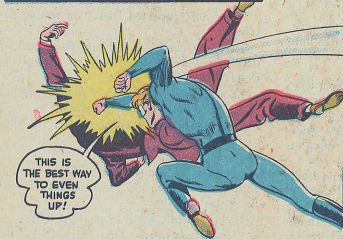
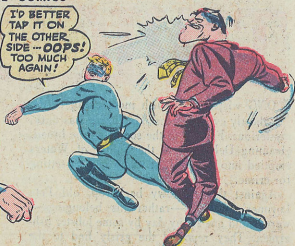
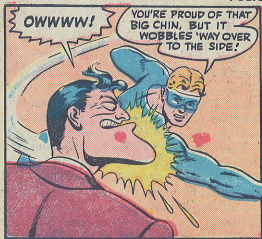




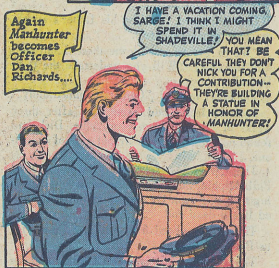
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



Again
Manhunter
becomes
Officer
Dan
Richards....



TWICE DEAD

LONG wisps of Spanish moss clung to the ghostly cypress trees. The marsh was dark, mysterious. Farther to the south lay the broad, gleaming Delta, where the Father of Waters emptied into the Gulf. It was a perfect setting for crime.

Against this shadowy backdrop, old Pete Lorimer's remains—rather his belongings—were found one sunny day by some lobster fishermen. They reported the grisly find to the local police.

Dick Mace was in New Orleans at the time and it was natural that Chief Patee called him in on the strange case. For strange it was in some ways.

What was found consisted of a broken fishing pole, a watch, a man's coat and hat, and some odds and ends found in men's pockets.

"What do you make of it, Dick?" the chief asked, when they had returned to the office at headquarters.

"Looks as if the man must have walked out into the Delta and drowned himself. Probably then was eaten by sharks or shrimps."

The chief pondered for a moment. "There is a name in the watch, but it's Jim Lorimer instead of Pete, who is supposed to be dead. How you figger that?"

Dick shrugged. "Maybe his father's watch, or some other relative's."

"We've got to run down these relatives," said the chief. "Will you undertake the task, Dick?"

The latter nodded. "Can start immediately."

Lorimer is no odd name. Yet after three weeks of chasing down every clue, Dick had found no single Lorimer in that area of Louisiana.

There were many Lorimers in and around Philadelphia, but none of them kin to the missing man. Or men. Or so they claimed. It looked like a dead end.

This all happened five years ago, just prior to Pearl Harbor.

The case was duly written **CLOSED** and the

matter dropped. Dick went north, eventually into the service, and forgot all about the business.

It was only a few weeks ago, again in New Orleans, that Dick came up against an echo of the old Lorimer case. Chief Patee called him at his hotel the second day after his arrival in the old city.

"Recall that Lorimer case we worked on last time you were here?"

"Sure do," answered Dick. "Something develop?"

The chief chuckled. "Plenty. Same sort of junk has been found on the other side of the Delta, this time by some scouts."

"You mean," began Dick, "another one has disappeared in a similar manner?"

"Better than that," said the chief. "Another of the same—Lorimer."

"Dead?"

"Dunno. We brought the stuff in—a coat, vest, pants, shoes, and some pocket trinkets. No watch this time."

Dick laughed. "Well, what about it?"

"I want you to take hold again, Dick," the chief told him. "We've got to run this thing down. I can't sleep nights. The newspapers are howling for my scalp unless I clean this mess up."

"I'll be right over," Dick told him and hung up.

A few minutes later Dick was seated in the old headquarters office of Chief Patee. The junk they had found on the Delta shore was strewn on the desk. Dick sorted through it.

"Find anything that might be a lead?" he asked.

"Only some papers—here they are—with the name 'Jim Lorimer.' One looks like an old bill for some farm machine—\$48 paid."

Dick looked the things over. "Hmm. I remember the other one was Pete Lorimer," he said. "This one's Jim. Mighty funny. No trace of any body?"

"None. Exactly like the other case."

Dick got up. "Well, there must be someone who knows these Lorimers. I'm going to start out again and this time I'll get something!"

"Good luck, boy!" the chief called to the retreating figure.

Dick made a leisurely trek around the Delta country, lasting four days. He talked to the shrimp and lobster fishermen, to the Negro cotton pickers, to all sorts of laborers. No one knew any Lorimer.

It was just outside of Baton Rouge that Dick made a discovery. He came upon an abandoned shack and went inside. It was a mess of rubbish. An old stove, long since rusted through; a few ancient tins of meat and other foods; a bunk, covered with dirt and spider webs. That was all.

But in a small drawer in the kitchen table he came upon an envelope. The ink was brown, but he made out the name 'Peter Lorimer, Lake Boulon, Louisiana.' The cancellation date was faded. Dick managed to make out April 4, 1941.

"Now we're getting some place," he said to himself, putting the envelope into his pocket. "I'll just visit Lake Boulon and see what I can see."

Dick hired a dilapidated Ford and began the 60-mile drive to Lake Boulon. The road was gravel, rutty, and in places covered with swamp water. He at last reached his destination nine hours later. It was not hard to locate the name of Lorimer in this town. The first person he stopped pointed to a small hospital near the town's edge.

"Old man Lorimer laid up in there," said the darky. "It's rheumatiz, thinks I. Old man been achin' long time, he have."

Dick thanked the man and started for the hospital.

A few minutes later he was being shown into a private ward. An old man, well past 60, lay in the bed. His eyes were closed. His breathing was heavy and irregular. Dick motioned to the nurse. "Is he in a bad way?"

She nodded. "Not expected to live more than a few days. Fever."

"How can he afford this private ward?" Dick wanted to know. "I assumed he was penniless."

"Oh, no," said the nurse. "Mr. Lorimer seems to have considerable money. He's expecting some more soon, a large amount, he told me."

"Ah. May I see his belongings, Miss? I am connected with the police."

The nurse started, then she said, "Wait."

She left the room and was gone a few minutes. When she returned she had several items in her hands. These she laid down on the table. One long folded paper caught Dick's eye. He picked it up and read: Universal Insurance Company. Policy of Peter Lorimer. It was made out for \$10,000.

There were two policies. The second was made in the name of James Lorimer, for the same amount.

"Hmmm!" said Dick. "This clears up some things. Where is the phone?" he asked the nurse.

She told him. Dick got on the phone and called Chief Patee.

"Hello, Chief. Dick. I think I've run this thing to the ground . . . yes . . . I found 'em both."

"What do you mean, both?" demanded the official.

"Both Pete and Jim Lorimer," Dick said. "He—or they—are here in a hospital in the town of Lake Boulon, 90 miles north of you. Okay, I'll see you then."

Chief Patee, chartering a plane, was in Lake Boulon in an hour. They both went to the hospital.

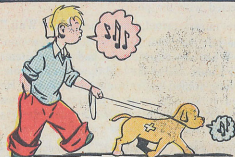
"He's dead," the nurse told them. "Died about an hour ago."

"It's just as well," Dick said. "Better."

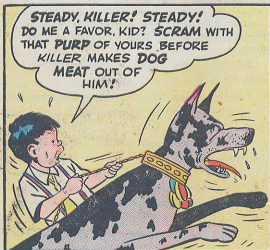
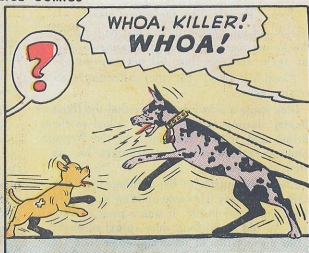
Dick then explained: Both Pete and Jim Lorimer were one and the same man. Wanting money, Lorimer had taken out policies in two names; then had staged a drowning of Pete. After due time, the insurance company paid off. Lorimer collected \$10,000 and lived like a king for five years. When the money was gone, he calmly staged another drowning—this time of Jim. The money had not been paid as yet.

"We'd better get in touch with that insurance firm," the chief said. "To let them know they won't have to pay off another ten grand."

SPECKS



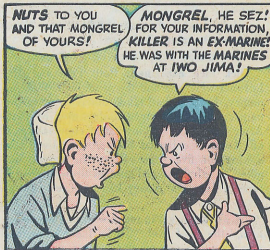
By M. SENICH



STEADY, KILLER! STEADY!
DO ME A FAVOR, KID? **SCRAM** WITH
THAT **PURP** OF YOURS BEFORE
KILLER MAKES **DOG**
MEAT OUT OF
HIM!



SEZ YOU!
LISSEN, BUB, BEFORE
KILLER GETS HIS **TEMPER**
UP AGAIN! **BEAT IT!**



NUTS TO YOU
AND THAT **MONGREL**
OF YOURS!

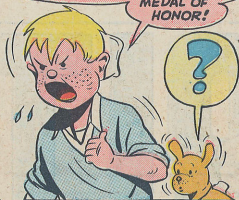
MONGREL, HE SEZ!
FOR YOUR INFORMATION,
KILLER IS AN **EX-MARINE!**
HE WAS WITH THE **MARINES**
AT **IWO JIMA!**



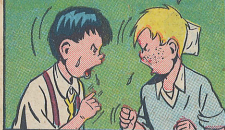
AND BROTHER...THAT AIN'T
TIN HANGIN' FROM THE
KILLER! THEM'S **MEDALS**,
SON! **MEDALS** FOR
KILLIN' **JAPS!**

POOH!
THAT'S
NUTTIN'!

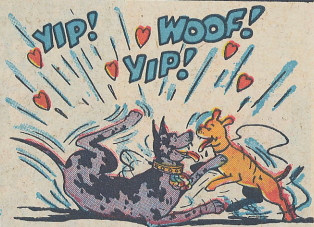
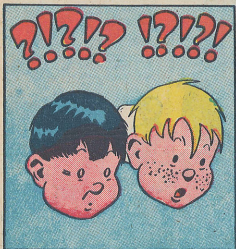
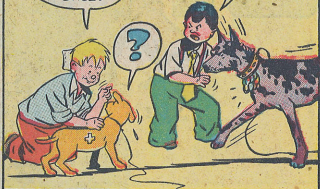
YOU AIN'T JUS' TALKIN', SON! NO TRUER WORDS HAVE EVER BEEN SPOKEN!



**SUITS
US
FINE!**



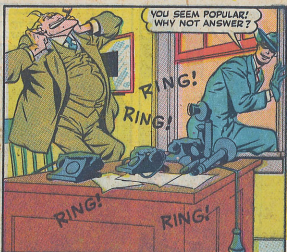
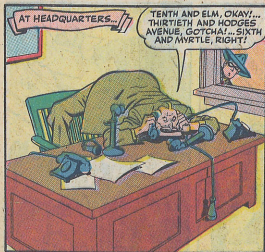
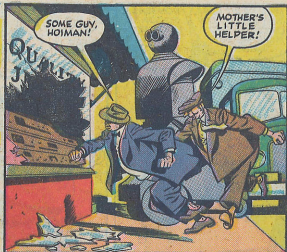
IT'S **MURDER** THEY'RE
ASKIN' FOR, **KILLER!**
GO GET 'IM!



POLICE COMICS

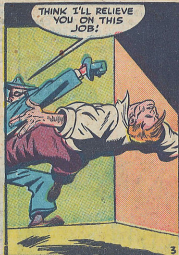
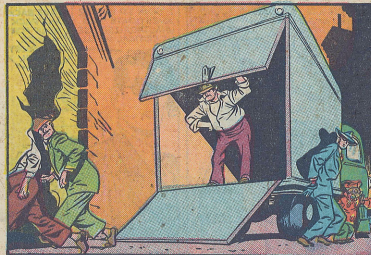
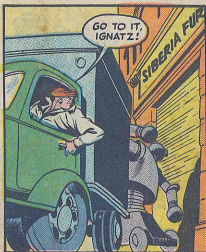
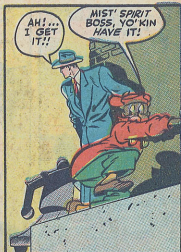
THE SPIRIT

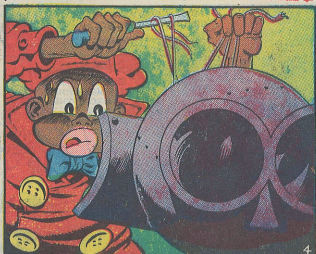


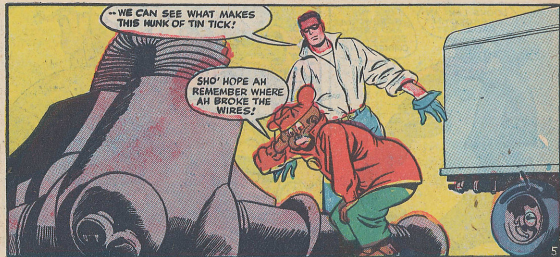
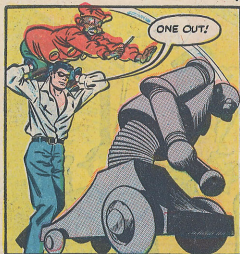


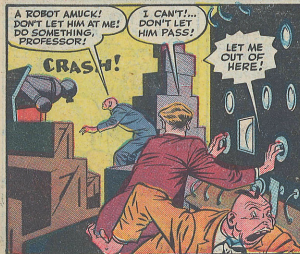
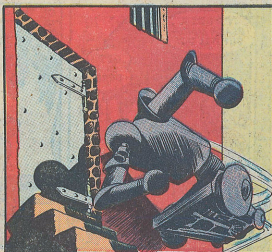
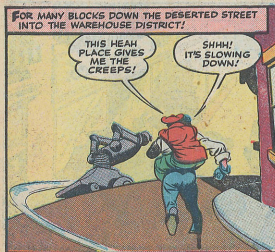
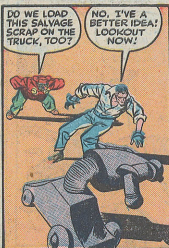
COME BACK AND PACK ME UP FOR A NICE CLEAN BOOBY HATCH!

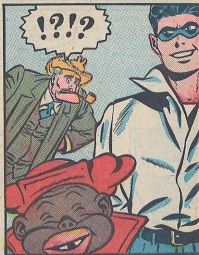
POLICE COMICS



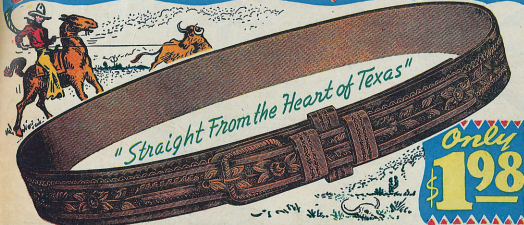








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Order the Belt and Billfold together at a matching set. Special price for the set only \$4.95 plus 6% Federal Tax on the Billfold. Make us a deal gift.



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- ☐ Send me the Antique Finish Cowhide Belt or \$1.98 (Belt sizes from 28 to 46). This is my belt size.
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- ☐ Send me the Belt and the Billfold as a set @ special price of \$4.95 plus 6% Tax on the Billfold (total \$5.29).

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ I am enclosing full payment in advance with this order to save all shipping charges.

Boys Girls CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

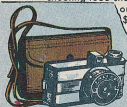
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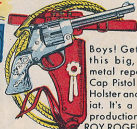
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